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ABSTRACT

The student booklet presents short case studies illustrating the ethnicity unit of the Minneapolis Multi-Ethnic Curriculum Project for secondary schools. Twelve brief chapters describe various aspects of the life, values, behavior, education, culture, and religious ceremonies and feelings of different ethnic groups in the United States. They present stories of individuals in groups such as the Hutterites, Japanese Buddhists, Jews, Irish Americans, suburbanites, Polish Americans, Chinese Americans, American Indians, and Italian Americans. One chapter lists Polish customs throughout the year, another discusses Italian food, still another describes the Tamburitzan, an East European performing folk group. The chapter on American Indians focuses on the language and lists places and states with Indian names. Many of the stories are presented in first person accounts, although some are descriptive. All stress ethnicity. (CK)

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IX

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MINNEAPOLIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

MINNEAPOLIS MULTIETHNIC CURRICULUM PROJECT

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TILLING THE SOUL

In Central Europe 200 years ago, the Hutterites were almost killed off. Now, 22,500 Hutterites are living on communal farms in Montana, the Dakotas and part of Canada.

In many ways, the clock stopped for the Hutterites in 1536. They still practice pacifism and communal farming. They avoid private property, smoking, dancing, television and radio. They have little respect for book-learning. Women have many children. They spend their time raising these children. Hutterite families have an average of 6.7 children. The faithful still speak German. They keep very much to themselves. Their religion has changed very little. They still believe in adult baptism and full acceptance of the commands of the Gospels. "We don't believe in modernizing Christianity," says a minister.

The twentieth century has not been totally held back. The women still have no voice in running the colony. Hutterite women make their families' clothes, but many of them are beginning to use permanent-press fabrics. They also can use zippers for the hooks once used on jackets. Now they can wear quiet prints in addition to the traditional basic black. The houses now have indoor plumbing, and the women hope for more improvements. "I never dreamed we'd have indoor toilets," says one. "In time, maybe we can have refrigerators in our own houses."

When it comes to farming, nearly everything is up-to-date. They grow corn, oats, barley and wheat and raise hogs, cattle, sheep, ducks, chickens and turkeys. The Hutterites eat well. The men use the very latest farm machinery and techniques. Now they are building an irrigation system. They are the only farmers in the area who recycle turkey litter

into livestock feed.

The minister helps to direct the farming operation like a modern company.

Although the Hutterites read all the farm journals, their classroom education is slight. Children attend "German" school. The elders teach them the old ways with occasional uses of the strap. They also go to "English" school, a public school staffed by two outsiders. The "English" classes go through eighth-grade.

As some of the elders see it, the biggest danger lies in going soft. "It's not good to be so well-off," says one 72-year-old. "We don't think of the Lord. We're getting too proud."

The Hutterites seem to have no trouble keeping their young people down on the farm. Only about 5 percent of the Hutterites ever leave their communities, and sooner or later most of them come back to the simple life.

JAPANESE BUDDHISM IN THE UNITED STATES

Many Japanese-Americans both in Hawaii and on the mainland have become Christians. A large number have kept or returned to Buddhism. There are seven major faiths -- Jodo, Nichiren, Shingon, Soto Zen, Rinzai Zen and Jodo Shinshu. Jodo Shinshu is the most popular among American Japanese. It has the greatest membership. Its way of worship and type of organization has been influenced by American Protestant Christianity. Its headquarters are in Kyoto, Japan. Here is the Hompa Hongwanji (the Mother Church or Temple). Priests in Japan have little to do with the individual's manner or time of worship. They handle rituals for marriages, births, deaths, and relationships with the ancestors. In the United States, however, Jodo Shinshu follows the pattern of American churches. American headquarters are in San Francisco in the offices of the Buddhist Churches of America. Control and operation of the individual churches is in the hands of local congregations. The National Headquarters are under the guidance of a bishop. He is elected by the member churches. The headquarters provide teaching aids, ministers to those temples needing them, and general aid to all American Japanese Buddhists. There are differences in methods of worship in the local churches. They do, however, celebrate the largest and more important festivals at about the same time each year.

The West Los Angeles Buddhist Church is located in a small suburb called Sawtelle. This is about twelve miles from downtown Los Angeles. This church is like most of California's Buddhist churches. In 1926 it began as a branch of the Nishi Hongwanji Temple in downtown Los Angeles. It had a membership of about 45 families then. Priests came from the

Nishi Hongwanji. By 1928 it had begun regular Sunday services. It even had a Sunday School. Its growth was slow but steady. The forced evacuation of the Japanese brought a temporary halt. At the end of the war, returning Japanese started the church again. Membership increased greatly. The number of Jodo Shinshu churches also increased in the Los Angeles area. There had been five in 1940. There were eleven in 1970. The present church was built in 1950. It had a membership of almost 200 families. A second story was added for classrooms in 1955. In 1965 an apartment house for the priests and visiting students was built across the street. Present membership includes more than 300 families. Most of these were born of Japanese parents in the United States. The few Japanese-born people are "pillars of the church." There are two ministers, one recently arrived from Japan. He ministers to the older Japanese. An American-born minister conducts English-language services. He also represents the church in community affairs.

The church follows Protestant styles. It has a Men's Club, Ladies' Guild, and a number of youth-activity groups, such as basketball teams. For Sunday services, first there is a Japanese-language service, then an English-language service. The church has rows of pews, an organ, a pulpit. The service includes a sermon along with Buddhist hymns. The altar is strictly Jodo Shinshu - complete with red-painted furniture, statues, the holy books, flowers and scrolls and Japanese tapestries. In Japan the Jodo Shinshu do not have regular services.

The West Los Angeles Buddhist Church tries new ways of doing things, yet hangs on to many of the old rituals, customs and traditions. This is the result of the changes that have taken place within the people.

The Japanese Buddhism that came to America about the year 1900, has been changed. Its new form is influenced greatly by the American way of religion. It might be called American Buddhism. American Buddhism is gaining followers.

There is a certain unity of Japanese culture that comes from Buddhism. Buddhism calls upon man to become an active participant in the workings of the universe. This may be done in architecture, painting, flower arranging or in the landscaping of gardens. The individual must see beyond the outward form of an object and see its inner "essence" or "soul."

All religions have some idea of a force outside the person. The Japanese Buddhist thinks of God as the entire universe -- not as a "Being." Therefore, the Buddhist tries to have this universe close to him. This way he can feel a part of it. The Buddhist garden is a complex work of art. Its beauty comes from its inner meaning. The Buddhist garden is a universe in miniature -- nature compressed. It is supposed to be nearer perfection than nature. The garden gives the Buddhist a place for contemplation and for communion with nature and with his own soul. The garden helps the worshipper to follow Buddha's Path.

EVERYTHING BUT MONEY

As long as Papa was at the head of the table we knew about the body and soul. There were rituals for both. Papa would take a small piece of bread in his hand, say the blessing, sprinkle some salt on it, then chew it slowly, thoughtfully, gratefully. He would then turn to the family and give the signal for the beginning of the meal. He would say, "Eat and remember." Once again we had been reminded that man is not an unthinking animal. Home is not a stable—certainly not our home.

Friday night's dinner was a banquet for Papa. For that hour, at least, he was no longer the victim of the sweatshops. He was not the frightened and unsuccessful breadwinner. He was the master to whom all heads bowed and all honor was given. He was our father, our teacher, our wise man, our elder statesman, our tribal leader.

I knew even as a child that my parents' traditions could separate regular time from sacred time. One day out of seven was different.

The change of time began when Mama would start the Sabbath at twilight. We stood there watching her bless the candles and murmuring prayers. We could feel the change of a weekday into a holy day. The candles threw shadows on the walls. The mystery and the greatness affected our behavior. We stopped shouting and talked softly to each other.

For us kids the Sabbath also had a special meaning. We were not spanked on that day. But after sunset we had to

look out!

Mama's relationship with God was different from Papa's. He taught us to worship God formally, using prayers we had memorized. She appealed to God directly: "Dear God, how long will this strike go on? Have a little mercy. The children need shoes." She said her prayers as she felt them. When the fourth kid went down with the measles, she began to lose patience. "Enough already, dear God. How much do you think I can take?"

Mama gave her personal relationship with God to us. If I found a penny, it was because God wanted me to find it. If I lost a penny, I must have deserved it. I must help Mama with her bundles because God said, "Thou Shalt Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother." I mustn't fight with Henry because God said, "Love Thy Neighbor." I can't take Harold's bike because God said, "Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Goods." "So why did Papa take away the dollar Aunt Bessie gave me for my birthday?" "Because Thou Shalt Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother," said Mama.

For the passover our home had to be changed into a temple in which rites of all kinds would be held—prayers, feasts, songs, even games. They were all related to the exodus from Egypt.

Our home had to be cleared of all traces of bread. Papa turned detective. We followed him through every corner of the house tracking down every last crumb. It was a sort of game we played with Papa. The only game we ever played together.

We placed little pieces of bread on windowsills and in corners, then later pretended to "discover" them. The punishment was standard—death by fire. The breadburning, too, was both a ritual and a game. Pieces of bread were burned in small bonfires on the street.

Passover required the use of all "new" dishes. They were kept in old barrels in the celler. Operation Dishes included pans, kettles, crocks, graters, sieves, buckets, knives, forks, spoons, ladles, chopping bowls, glasses, bottles, jars, mugs jugs, platters, dippers, cake pans, coffeepots, teapots. The year-round dishes had to be taken to some other place.

Passover was an important event. By taking part in it we became important people. We were retelling a chapter of man's search for freedom. The text was sacred. We repeated it with awe, reciting aloud our identification of the symbols of our history.

For me, the youngest child, the service held moments of great fear. I had to ask the Four Questions. The answers, which would be given in chorus by the rest of the family, explained the meaning of Passover. My brothers would become quiet to be sure to catch every crack in my voice. I could see the twinkle in their eyes as I rose to deliver the traditional paragraphs. "Wherefore is this night different from all other night...?" They were with me all the way, but they hoped for some small fluff. I could tell whether I had done well. Everyone responded, "Slaves were we unto Pharaoh in Egypt...."

This was indeed a night to remember. How good it was to be slaves no longer, to sing our songs surrounded by our brethren, to feel rich enough to announce, "Let all those who are hungry come and eat with us." This night I belonged to history and history belonged to me.

Passover ended and we became ordinary people again. The dishes were repacked and returned to the cellar. The good suit was hung up in the closet.

The very same foods tasted differently after the holiday was over. The spell was broken. Life was different now. Papa was not going to be "king" again for quite a while. We were back in the tenement, just a little bit let down, not quite sure that this was real freedom.

PETER QUINN

For elementary school I went to Holy Family. It is connected with our church. I knew all the kids in my school because I'd grown up with them. Of course, a lot of them are still my closest friends, even though we don't all go to the same high schools now. Some of them go to private day schools, a few to other Catholic high schools, and one or two to public schools.

But generally, we're really the same happy family we were at elementary school. I still see the younger priests from the school at club meetings and around the church, and all of us who went to school together still sit around and talk about our school work now and the problems that we've got. One young priest whom I'm still very close to has really helped me with my Latin, even though I go to a different school now.

The year I graduated, I was a little worried about leaving Holy Family because it was so comfortable to me. But after I got to St. Brendhan's I found that it was easy to make friends. Everybody was afraid the first year. You were eager to make friends and get some self-confidence, and you found that it was easier to face school in freshman years with friends to talk over your problems with. Since everybody was in the same boat, it worked out very well without any troubles. Parents gave parties, we studied together, ate lunch in groups, and got over the strangeness.

Another reason I was so afraid before I got to the school was because of what my brother had told me about it. He went to the school and he warned me that it is very tough. You really have to work hard. I was afraid I wasn't going to work hard enough and that the teachers

would be too strict. But now I see what a very good school it is. I was only thirteen when I came.

The school really is very hard. It's all college preparatory. Tons of boys flunk out every year. For example, in this year's senior class there are 95 boys, but when they were in 9th grade, there were 206. They just cut it in half, keep chopping it up. The kids who flunk out have to go to public high schools. It's very hard, once you flunk out of a Catholic high school, to get into another. One or two private schools might take you, but it would be much more expensive.

By the time we graduate we have to know Latin, two modern languages, mathematics, science, history, economics and religion. It's a very full program.

So far I'm keeping up and getting pretty good scores, but I have to work very hard at it. To get into college, into Notre Dame, now is even harder than when my father and brother went. My brother wrote to them for me and they told him that I have to have at least an 85 average. Now that might be easy in some public school, but not at St. Brendhan's.

The one subject that really comes easy to me is English. Not the grammar, but the literature. The stories are fun to read.

For English this year, our teacher is a very smart man. I guess he must be about forty or forty-five, but he seems very young. He's really well qualified with a Ph.D. from a good university. I look forward to listening to him, just like going to the theater or something. His background really shows.

Of course, everything depends upon the teacher -- the amount of homework, what you learn, the discipline. And it's a funny thing about the teachers. For example, the Brothers at the school are very different

from the priests at church. They're more like us, less pious you might say. They're almost always very sport-loving and they like to shoot the breeze and stay around and talk to us. Then, when you get into the classroom, most of them have completely different personalities. In the classroom almost every teacher I have is very strict and pays attention to his duties as a teacher.

Of course, like everybody else, teachers have their good days and bad. For example, I have one teacher for religion and geography, one class in the morning, the other late in the afternoon. Well, if he's had a bad day, by the time our afternoon class rolls around, we'll have a terrible period.

One day not too long ago was one of those bad days and it also happened to be the day that I didn't bring a test paper into class which I was supposed to have my father sign. I really was afraid to show it to my father because of the low mark, so I just put it away in my drawer and didn't take it home. Well, Mr. McCloskey said to me, "Mr. Quinn, do you have your test paper?"

I said, "No, Sir." And he told me to get outside. Well, when we got out there in the hall he asked, "What's your excuse, Mr. Quinn?"

I answered, "No excuse, Sir."

"All right, son. Take it like a man, Mr. Quinn, don't cry. Here's the strap."

Well, I got hit five times and it really hurt. Most of the time the teachers use the strap or a "magic baton." It's rubber or leather or something like that and every experience I've had with it -- well, it's the worst pain I've ever experienced.

But I think it is a very good method, even though it's painful at

the time. Because my Latin teacher last year, Mr. Raymond, told us about a man who is in an institution now, because he was driven literally crazy by some of the kids in his class. I think that this way, we really learn right from wrong and don't waste too much of our school time fooling around.

Of course, if a teacher is shouting at you or hitting you when you haven't done anything, and everybody else knows that you haven't, a boy will answer and try to prove his point in a polite way. But I've noticed that if a kid has really done what the teacher says he has, he will never talk back because then if he's found out, the teacher would kill him.

Generally, everybody gets along all right together in my school. Of course, it's all Catholic, mostly Irish and Italian. When my brother went to the school, I guess it was almost all Irish but that has changed a little. There are one or two Puerto Rican kids in the school and one or two blacks, but that is not because there is any prejudice. The tuition is very high. And, of course, it's very hard to keep up academically.

Another reason we all get along so well at school is that everybody has the same ideas about the future. About 99 percent of the boys in my school are planning to go to college. Of course, they have different colleges in mind; some want to go to Georgetown; others go to almost any school in the United States. I feel like there is only one school for me and that is Notre Dame. My uncles all went there, my father, brother, three or four of my cousins. It's the thing that worries me most about my grades -- whether they are high enough to get into Notre Dame, and whether I'll do well enough on the tests to get into Notre Dame.

In a way, I wish it was all behind me and that I was settled down. I used to think that I would like to be an engineer, but I find that I'm having some trouble with math and I have to get that straightened out before I make a real decision. I got the idea of engineering because I enjoyed geometry so, but now I see that that was just a special case.

College would give me a lot more, too. I think you are much more worldly minded and know more about people if you're a college graduate. Usually you take psychology and sociology and you know how to cope with people and with life much better.

I just hope that I get into Notre Dame. It is much harder now, but I guess the fact that all my family has gone there will help a little. And I know I couldn't get a better start than what I'm getting at St. Brendhan's.

THE ADAMSES

They live in a modern ranch home in a fashionable suburb of Los Angeles. They drive two cars, one a Lincoln Continental. They belong to a tennis club and the Republican Party. They have two lively, intelligent children. They own part of an expensive weekend home on Lake Arrowhead. And they often dress formally for dinner and eat by candlelight.

They are not at the top of the financial ladder as measured by the standards of southern California. But they are members of that fast-moving society of successful families who in material terms are on their way up.

Clark Golden Adams is handsome, self-confident, and articulate. He and his attractive wife Barbara Jean, were not born well off. They have earned their position by hard work and determination. Perhaps they are living a bit beyond their income, but they see no roadblocks to their steady progress.

"In a way it's a real success story, and lots of it is due to luck," Mr. Adams told me. He works in the Los Angeles Division of North American Aviation, Inc., one of the largest aerospace corporations in the United States.

"I make between $20,000 to $30,000 now as division director of contracts and pricing. I don't see any reason why with luck I won't continue to move ahead. Hopefully my next step will be into a vice-presidency. I started with the company at $400 a month as a contract analyst and worked my way up through the company, and I've gotten where I am because of the amount of time I have put into the job. I usually work between 60 and 80 hours a week."

"I can't say honestly that I'm a self-made man. You see, I believe strongly in heredity, and the stock I came from is probably the finest you can find. My mother and my father were strong people and basically industrious. I was given a heritage of pride, not money. But most important, my parents gave me a highly developed sense of responsibility.

The life which Clark and Barbara Jean Adams have fashioned for themselves on the Palos Verdes Peninsula is in many ways typical of the society of southern California. Nothing stands still here. The Adamses have had four homes since their arrival in this part of the country.

"Barbara didn't want to live in Utah," related Mr. Adams one evening. "She felt hemmed in by all my relatives and Mormonism. Salt Lake City is a very tight community, so we decided to go to California. First we moved into an apartment in Venice, a low-income area. Then we moved into a duplex. When Vicky came along, we bought a place in Hawthorne for $14,500. It scared us, the financial responsibility! Later, in 1960, we moved up and bought this four-bedroom place. It cost us $34,500."

"And here we are in the process of selling again," added Mrs. Adams with a sigh. "This house is really fine, but we want a large family room so that when the kids get a little older they'll be able to bring their friends here and entertain and not be away from home."

However, with Clark working long hours and often away on business trips, Mrs. Adams has had to build a life for herself and her two children that does not rely solely on her husband's presence. But she has no difficulty keeping her days busy and productive.

A well dressed, happy woman with dark hair, Mrs. Adams runs her home with taste and distinction. As her husband proudly commented, "she's good at everything." Her own paintings, creative stitcheries,

and other art work are found in every room of the house.

I asked Mrs. Adams if she ever regretted not finishing college and not following her artistic talents professionally.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I'm sorry I never finished -- not sorry that I married of course. But some day I'll finish. I'm always taking art courses -- interior decorating, oils, silk screening. A friend and I have formed a decorating partnership. Recently I helped a friend decorate her home. I also help in a course in crafts for the Women's Club. Right now we're making papiermâché angels for a dance we're giving. The proceeds will go to charity."

Mrs. Adams is also a dressmaker. She sews all her own clothes, as well as those of 11-year-old Vicky, not merely because she likes to sew but because "I want something original."

Victoria Jean, a seventh grader who is all brown eyes and gangly legs, shares her mother's enthusiasm for making things. Her other interests run from rope climbing to guitar playing.

Vicky is among the gifted top of her class and, unlike her brother, Clark II, needs no urging to do her homework, pick up her clothes, and straighten out her room. Mr. and Mrs. Adams feel that Clark II is not pushing himself to his limit. While he may not be strong on homework, he's clearly no slouch in the things that interest him.

"I like electronics best," he said. "I've built two shortwave receiving sets. This one here has a special gismo so you can tune in real fine. I get reception from all over the world -- Russia, Peru, the Netherlands. I know when they're speaking Russian 'cause it's kind of a weird sound. I've also built a stereo amplifier.

"And I also like skin diving. Boy, that's great. I've got all

the equipment -- fins, goggles, snorkel."

I asked Mr. and Mrs. Adams what they would do if their children ever got into trouble with the law.

"I really don't know," said Mrs. Adams thoughtfully. "Even here in Palos Verdes, where the children come from good homes, you hear of shoplifting -- and those kids have money in their pockets. I once asked Clark what he would do if one of his friends urged him to do something wrong. Was I surprised when he said, 'I don't know'! He didn't say he wouldn't! I guess we can only hope by our example that they turn out all right."

"Big" Clark's answer was a bit more precise. "I'm a basic person," he said. "And I'd get pretty tough with him. I don't know what I'd do with Vicky -- but I'd be terribly disappointed if either did anything legally or morally wrong. I believe in ethical and moral standards -- but not necessarily from a formal religious standpoint."

Religion, in fact, does not play an important role in the Adamses' life. The children attended Sunday school for a while and Mrs. Adams thinks they should know the Bible and "be good Christians." But no strong effort is made at churchgoing.

"I was brought up a Baptist," she related, "then started going to the Presbyterian Church. Clark's really a Mormon and always will be. Of course he's not a good one, since he married me and we weren't married in the temple. I don't push church any more."

"You hardly ever become not a Mormon," said Mr. Adams. "I guess you'd say I'm sort of in limbo. I don't subscribe to all of the beliefs of the church -- like not smoking and drinking.

"Actually religion at this point in my life does not mean very

much to me one way or the other. I suppose if I were to go into it, I would find the beliefs of the Unitarian Church most easily acceptable to me at this stage. You see, the way many people treat religion today . . . it's sort of like belonging to a social club.

"I definitely don't agree," said Mrs. Adams emphatically.

If the Adamses do not quite see eye-to-eye on the subject of religion, however, they would seem to agree that they have a desirable way of life. Their concern now is to give their children a good education. And in the years ahead they expect to improve their standard of living even more.

"What I want to do," stressed Mr. Adams "is to leave an estate for my family. I have a dislike of leaving my wife with nothing but social security. And I think it would be great to leave my children a big nest egg.

CONFESSIONS OF A WHITE ETHNIC

When I was very young, the "American" kids made fun of names unlike their own.

When I was asked in school about my nationality, I had been told by my father to say proudly: "American." When my family moved from the Slovak part of Johnstown to the suburb on the hill, my mother told us how well we must be dressed. We should show good manners, and behave. People think of us as "different" and we mustn't give them any cause. "Whatever you do, marry a Slovak girl," was other advice. "They cook. They clean. They take good care of you. For your own good." I was taught to be proud of being Slovak, but to recognize that others wouldn't know what it meant, or care.

When I found out that most movie stars had changed their European names, I felt only a little sadness.

In my schooling there was no attempt to teach me my own history. The plan was clearly to make an American of me. English literature, American literature. Even the history books, as I recall them, were peopled mainly by Anglo-Saxons from Boston. My Slovak ancestors were not included. I don't remember feeling regret. I did have a feeling of unimportance, of remoteness, of not counting.

The fact that I was Catholic also complicated life. Everybody else is against Catholics. Protestants reformed the church. Others were "enlightened" from it. Jews had reason to help Catholicism fall apart. It is hard to grow up Catholic in America without becoming defensive. I felt forced to divide the world between "us" and "them."

I have childhood memories of men arguing in the barbershop, of my

uncle drinking too much beer. Other relatives were shocked, but everybody loved Uncle George; he said what he thought.

We did not feel this country belonged to us. We felt pride in it, more loyalty than anyone could know. But we felt blocked at every turn. There were not many intellectuals among us, not even very many professional men. Laborers mostly. Small businessmen, agents for companies.

Our lives have tended to stress communities of our own, attachment to family and relatives, stability, and roots. We tend to have a strong sense of attachment to our homes, having been homeowners for less than three generations. A home is almost enough for one man's life.

GRANDFATHER SPEAKS

Willy was going to ask to be allowed to drop Chinese school, which he and all his Chinese schoolmates attended after regular school hours. There he would spend the late afternoons learning to make Chinese characters, studying Chinese history and literature. If he didn't have to spend those hours in the Chinese school he could be out playing with the other fellows.

He was not going to go back to the Chinese school, that was all there was to it. One kind of school was enough. He would bring the subject up tonight at the evening meal. But even as he made the decision, Willy felt his hands and feet grow clammy and cold with fear. Grandfather was sure to be perfectly furious.

The meal was nearly finished before Willy dared bring up the matter. Grandfather was discussing some serious business arrangement with his father -- Willy's father worked in a wholesale import-export firm, while Grandfather managed the White Cloud Pagoda -- and Willy knew better than to interrupt such a conversation.

Finally, however, Grandfather said, "Hola! Good. It is decided then," thus ending the discussion.

"There is something I want to talk about," Willy's voice quivered, for he knew that what he was about to say was going to make a Big Trouble, as Grandfather would say.

"Say what is in your heart," murmured Grandfather, reaching toward the dish of pork and Chinese cabbage.

"It is this. I do not wish to go to the Chinese school any longer." Willy said the words firmly, but his heart was thumping so hard against his ribs that he thought surely it would break right through.

Grandfather's chopsticks paused in mid-air, halfway to the dish. Mr. and Mrs. Wong stared, speechless, at Willy.

Grandfather's chopsticks moved again, picked up a leaf of cabbage. "My grandson talks nonsense, of course."

"It is not nonsense," retorted Willy shrilly. "It is too much school . . . it is a waste of time . . . it . . ."

"Willy! You must not speak to your grandfather that way!" Mrs. Wong's usually gentle voice was sharp.

"But it is a waste of time," insisted Willy stubbornly. "Why should I learn all that stuff? I am not Chinese . . . I am an American."

"True," agreed his father. "But it is wise also to know the ways and language of one's other country."

"I have no other country. I am an American," Willy repeated.

"I am an American, too, and I want an American name," Younger Sister piped up suddenly. "This is too much. Altogether too much!" Grandfather laid his chopsticks down with a clatter, and anger collected in his face like a thundercloud.

"It is a good custom, I think, for the children to have American names," observed Mr. Wong. "It is easier for them that way."

"Easier? Why should everything be made easy? When I came to this new land -- and my father before me -- things were not easy," retorted Grandfather.

Willy groaned inwardly. Now it would be a long tale about the village elders and some moral at the end; or a story about famine or flood, and he would never be able to get back to the subject of the Chinese school.

And it did start out like one of Grandfather's typical stories,

with a description of how there had been a family conference in the city of Rams -- Canton -- back in 1864. It had been agreed to send his father, Willy's great-grandfather, to the Outside Country, known as America. Grandfather went on to tell about the notice that had appeared in all the teahouses, stating that workers were needed for the way that was being laid for a railroad. Furthermore, the notices stated, the pay was good.

Willy did not pay much attention to Grandfather's story at first. He knew that Great-Grandfather Wong had been among the thousands of workers who had come to make the first railway that crossed America. For some moments he let the words slide by him, not really hearing them.

But suddenly his attention was caught by the words snow tunnel. "What was that about a snow tunnel?" Willy asked.

Grandfather frowned severely at him. "If the young one would listen to what is being said, it would not be necessary to interrupt. I was saying that my honored parent worked for one whole winter beneath the frozen ground. Blizzard after blizzard swept down upon them that dreadful winter. At first they worked trying to keep the way open, burrowing like gophers through the snow. But the snow grew higher and higher, and crews and animals had to go underground inside the snow tunnels, and for weeks they lived and labored in the ice cave, never seeing the outside world."

"But what could they do?" asked Willy.

"They thought they could make the ground ready to lay the tracks when spring came," replied Grandfather. "But after some weeks it became clear that it was useless . . . for more and more snow fell.

At night as they huddled, half frozen, they would hear the winds howling over their heads. But worst of all, nearly every night came the dreaded sound of the snows falling from heights above. What is the word for it in the English language?" Grandfather inquired of Willy's father.

"Avalanche," answered Mr. Wong.

"Ah, yes, avalanche. Whole groups of workers were caught by these falling snows," Grandfather continued, his voice sad and quiet. "When the spring thaws came, they were found frozen exactly as they had stood . . . still holding their tools in their hands, some of them."

"Ai-ya!" gasped Willy.

And Younger Sister's eyes grew round with horror.

"Then what happened?" asked Willy. "I mean, did the workers stay all that winter in the snow tunnel?"

"No, it had to be abandoned. The snows closed in upon the workers and the animals until they were packed like ginger in a jar. Some of the workers went on sleds over the mountains, down to the lower land where work could go on," said Grandfather, "and some went into the great stone tunnel that crosses the highest point of the mountains. There at least they were protected from the snows, and there they worked for the rest of the winter."

"Where did Great-Grandfather go?" asked Younger Sister.

"Into the tunnel," replied Grandfather. "And a great sight it must have been the following summer when the light shone through the tunnel and the engine could look down upon the plains below."

"The railroad was all finished when you came here, wasn't it, Grandfather?" Younger Sister asked.

"Indeed yes. Many years before. In 1869 it was finished, and it was not until 1890 that my honored parent was able to make arrangements to bring me here." Grandfather shook his head sadly. "And bad years they were, in between, too. With hatred and killing, for many white men did not like us, many feared that there was not room and work for all in this country. But," he added, "it ended, and time has shown that there is a place for us in this great land."

"Just think of it!" Willy murmured, awe in his voice. "Why haven't you ever told us these stories before?"

"It is not necessary to tell everything at once," replied Grandfather. "As the ancient proverb says: 'there is a time to fish, and a time to dry nets.' I tell you now of the difficult and dangerous tasks your great-grandfather performed in order to show that life in the new land was not an easy one for the first member of our family who came to this great country."

At these words Willy's heart sank. They meant, of course, that Grandfather would end by saying that Willy should not complain at having to go to school two extra hours a day. That he had only to compare his life with Great-Grandfather's to see how fortunate he was. Which was just exactly what Grandfather did say.

"Remember, also," said Willy's father, "that learning the Chinese language and the history and literature of the land of our ancestors will be very useful to you when you grow up. You may choose to go into some business such as mine, where you will need that knowledge."

"Or you may wish to go back and work in China itself," said Mrs. Wong. "Who can tell?"

"So! It is decided then. Younger Sister has a new name, and you return to school," said Grandfather.

"It is decided," echoed Willy.

MY PORTION

Rebekah Kohut moved to California in 1875. This is the story of a Jewish girl growing up in the Far West.

Rebekah Kohut's father was a respected Rabbi.

My father married again after my mother died. The new wife became an invalid. My sister Esther became the "little mother" of the household.

Many burdens might have affected my father's fine nature. Yet they didn't. He remained as active and alert as ever. He had amazing energy, a capacity for many interests, a great love of humanity. And in the family he combined the father's power with a mother's tenderness.

There were too many demands upon father's time and energy. Many of them he could have ignored, but he loved human contacts. He was happiest when he was helping others.

A rabbi's life was not easy. To his family it was a trial. You never knew when you would be called upon to move elsewhere. Congregations were interested in drawing worshippers from other congregations. They expected help from the rabbis. My father could not bring himself to it; it was distasteful to him.

Today many rabbis are elected to their posts for life. But in the 1870's, only a few Jewish communities were large enough to build temples and offer stable jobs.

San Francisco was full of contrasts. Half of the city was

still sandhills; other districts were well built. It was the most varied city of America. Members of almost every nationality were seen on the streets. It had both crudity and sophistication.

Amazement and delight were my first reactions to California. Almost everyone carried flowers. Almost every house was decorated with flowers. The variety of California flowers, the number of them, the people's love of them, colored life.

My father became an active member of the community. He wrote for The San Francisco Call, The Chronicle, The Argonaut. He organized a society for the study of Hebrew by Christian clergymen. He was asked to serve on the board of education, but he felt his hands were already too full. Above all he was occupied with his Hebrew studies. He was working upon a revised English version of the Bible.

All sorts of people came to our home.

After coming to San Francisco, Isaac M. Wise became our guest. This great man was one of America's most important Jews. He was a delightful talker and full of fun. Dignity and command were his. We liked to hear him talk, and to look at his wide brow, and his head which was so huge for his body.

The remarkable thing about the relation between Isaac M. Wise and my father was that they remained close friends in spite of the differences in their attitude toward Reform and Orthodox Judaism. In general, Reform Judaism followed few

customs and traditional laws of Jewish life. Dr. Wise was one of the extreme Reformers.

During our first days in California we children thought we were rich. But we were poor. The five girls and two boys in our home grew bigger and bigger every day. Dresses passed from larger to smaller children. My over-sensitiveness about this caused me suffering as a young girl.

Almost everybody except ourselves seemed to be wealthy. What was wealth? The power to buy new school books and ride to school instead of walking blocks and blocks and climbing hills in the rain; the power to own a dress which was not handed down from sister to sister; the power to take lessons and go on picnics.

My sisters and I were really unhappy. We blamed the congregation. We felt it stood between us and happiness. There was such a big difference between a rare human being and the pay that was granted him. The root of the trouble was that San Francisco had too many congregations.

My brother and I often spoke of this. We did not see the other side of the picture. These groups were having their own struggles. Only love for the faith kept the congregations alive. We did not realize that there were the Polish, Sephardic (Spanish-Jewish) and Ashkenazic (German-Jewish) congregations among the Jews in San Francisco.

My young brother, Felix, was enrolled in the University of California. As between medicine and the rabbinate, he had

chosen the former for his future career. His father's wish was that the boy prepare himself to be his successor, but Felix did not feel the spiritual call strongly. His impatience with the congregations was transmuted into antagonism against the ministerial service. To his mind his father was not appreciated. The boy did not realize that this was of less moment to his parent than to himself.

As my brother and I walked hills to school, we made our plans for the future. One of the important parts was: No poverty. I decided against poverty. I hate it because it is the most deadly enemy of all—the parent of vice, ignorance, crime.

And yet I have been poor a large part of my life.

Father's study was in the basement of the house. On shelving from ceiling to floor stood his books. Books on all subjects. The long table was piled with newspapers and open volumes. My father allowed us to use his room for our study room also. He encouraged us, in fact, to browse there all we liked.

We soon learned how to use the reference books. Father was glad to help us. Our teachers had great respect for us because there was someone at home who helped us with our school work.

And the preparation for school was a joy.

The library became the meeting-place of the family. It was the one place I brought my friends. It was the one place

where poverty was not shown. One might judge from it that we were both rich and wise. I enjoyed it.

I began to broaden my knowledge by reading the magazines and papers. But my reading had all to be saved up for Saturday and Sunday. The weekdays were taken up with school studies. There was so much that I wanted to read, so many things about town that I wanted to see.

Friday nights at home were for singing and storytelling. My father would lead the singing. There was nothing he liked better than to direct the chorus and hear our voices. After the singing my father's talents as a story-teller were called into play. He never failed to delight us, and we could listen to the same thing over and over again. Several of the tales he told us were published. Our favorite was the one he called "The Man with the Marble Heart."

My father wanted us to have many friends. The family entertained a great many people.

Once I asked my father why he invited Christians.

"To let people see that we have no secrets," was his reply. "You can be made to believe fantastic things about people when you do not know them. But when you know, you cannot be misled. So many lies are told about us. But those who know us will see that these are lies. Throw open the doors and let people view us as we are. In this way we make friendships, and when efforts are made to harm us, we will have friends who will tell the truth."

POLISH CUSTOMS

A means of maintaining traditional Polish ways is through customs. These are associated with religion through weddings, funerals, or other occasions. The religious festivals were celebrated in the old village life with playful activities. They may seem out of place in an industrial, American community. Their celebration shows the strong hold they have upon some Polish people.

To discover how many of such practices are still followed a list of activities was made by a Polish student at the University of Michigan. This list was then shown to fifty adults living in Hamtramck, a Polish-American community. They were asked to check those customs they knew to have been observed in America. The customs tied to religious holidays were divided by the season in which the holidays fell. The following is a list of such activities. Each of these was known to one or more Polish-Americans who were interviewed:

I. CUSTOMS ASSOCIATED WITH WINTER

- A. Advent.
  - 1. Attending church at 4 A.M. every Sunday in Advent.
  - 2. Playing on flute during evenings of Advent.
- B. Christmas Eve.
  - 1. Breaking and sharing of Christmas wafer among relatives.
  - 2. Placing hay underneath the tablecloth or platter.

3. Serving twelve varieties of dishes for Christmas Eve supper.
4. Going around from house to house with "Christ's Crib" and caroling.

C. Holiday of Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
1. Blessing of candles brought to church by parishioners.
2. Placing of consecrated candle in hand of dying person.

D. Carnival period between Christmas and Lent.
1. Masquerade parties.
2. "Kulig" sleigh ride parties.
3. Polish dances, such as Polonez, Krakowiak with songs, Mazurka, Oberek, Kujaviak.

E. Ash Wednesday.
1. Beating one another with sacks filled with ashes.
2. Throwing pots filled with ashes in the way of pedestrians.
3. Pinning chicken's foot on the backs of sophisticated ladies.

F. Holiday of St. Gregory.
1. Parents leading dolled-up children to school.

II. CUSTOMS ASSOCIATED WITH SPRING.

A. Holy Week and Easter.
1. Beating on pots and pans.
2. "Pucherniki," or boys parading with blackened faces.
3. "Dyngus," referring to boys sprinkling water on girls on the day after Easter.
4. Christ's tomb exhibited in church on Good Friday.

5. Taking Easter foods to church on Saturday for blessing.

6. Dragging Judas through the streets.

B. Whit Sunday.

1. Decorating homes with green branches.

2. Baking various kinds of pastry for the occasion.

C. Ascension Day, May 10.

1. Taking wreaths to church.

D. St. John's Eve.

1. Jumping over bonfires.

2. Hunting for bewitched flower.

3. Throwing wreaths into water.

III. CUSTOMS ASSOCIATED WITH SUMMER.

A. The Assumption of Mary into Heaven.

1. Taking herbs and flowers to church for blessing.

IV. CUSTOMS ASSOCIATED WITH AUTUMN

A. Harvest holidays celebrated with great festivity.

B. "Zaduszki" or All Souls Day.

1. Giving food to beggars who are supposed to have communion with the spirits of the dead.

C. Vigil of St. Andrew and St. Catherine's Eve.

1. Much merry-making among young people.

V. WEDDING CUSTOMS.

A. Welcoming couple with salt and bread as they return from church.

B. "Oczepiny" ceremony of taking off veil and presenting cap to bride.

C. Farewells to bride with songs on threshold.

D. "Poprawiny" or second celebration.

VI. FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

A. Closing eyes of dead person.

B. All cooking stopped while corpse is in the house.

C. "Stypa" or funeral feast with songs and drinking after burial.

D. Noisy weeping over dead.

E. Carrying out casket so that feet of corpse leave first.

THE BATTLE THE INDIAN WON

Thousands of American place names and other words have come from North American Indian languages.

Aspects of Indian life had the best chance of keeping Indian names. Before 1650, settlers were speaking and writing of the moccasin, powwow, tomahawk, totem, wampum, and wigwam. Native animals and plants also kept Indian names: hickory, moose, raccoon, skunk, and squash.

In the 19th century American authors felt a growing interest in the Indians.

New states had already begun to have Indian names. This was influenced by the many bodies of water whose Indian names had been kept by the whites. Four out of the five Great Lakes have Indian names, as does Niagara Falls. And consider the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Rappahannock, Merrimack, Suwannee, Arkansas, Connecticut, and Potomac Rivers.

Settlers liked to name regions after the most important rivers running through them. Thus by 1800 the way was open for state names from Indian languages. Two thirds of the more recent states, from Kentucky in 1792 to Alaska in 1959, bear North American Indian names. In addition, Indiana was named in honor of the Indian, and New Mexico has a Latin American Indian name.

Newer American cities also followed the trend. Ten of the Nation's largest cities have Indian or partially Indian names—Chicago, Milwaukee, Seattle, Kansas City (Missouri), Minneapolis

Oklahoma City, Omaha, Miami, Tulsa, and Tampa.

Some names came from contact with local Indians.

In the 20th century, enthusiasm for Indian ways has been high. The borrowing of Indian names for places still goes on. With the current revival of interest in Indian traditions, it is likely that new Indian names and words will continue to be used.

States with Indian Names

Twenty-six of the United States have North American Indian names, predominantly from Algonquian or Sioux languages. Translation of some state names vary, and those given below are derived from several authorities.

Alabama - Tribe in the Creek confederacy

Alaska - Aleutian for "mainland"

Arizona - Papago for "place of the small spring"

Arkansas - Sioux tribal name

Connecticut - Algonquian for "the place of the long river"

Idaho - Kiowa-Apache name for the Comanche

Illinois - Algonquian tribal name meaning "men"

Iowa - Sioux tribal name

Kansas - Sioux tribal name

Kentucky - Probably Iroquois for "meadow-land"

Massachusetts - Algonquian for "at the place of large hills"

Michigan - Algonquian for "big lake"

Minnesota - Sioux for "water-cloudy"

Mississippi - Algonquian for "big-river"

Missouri - Algonquian tribal name

Nebraska - Sioux for "flat-water"

North Dakota - Sioux tribal name

Ohio - Iroquois for "water-fine"

Oklahoma - Muskogean for "people-red" (coined by a Choctaw chief)

Oregon - Indian, but specific origin disputed

South Dakota - See North Dakota above

Tennessee - Name of Cherokee town

Texas - Caddo and other Indian for "friends"

Utah - From Tribal name, Ute

Wisconsin - Possibly Algonquian for "big-long-at" (river)

Wyoming - Algonquian for "big-flats-at"

(In addition, Indiana commemorates the Indians.)

THE TAMBURITZANS

The oldest East European Performing Folk Group in the United States is the Tamburitzans. They take their name from the tamburitza family of stringed instruments. These are part of the cultures of Southeastern Europe.

The group was formed in 1937 at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It was formed to preserve and maintain the Eastern Europe cultural heritage in the United States. It also offers scholarships to deserving students.

The forty students who make up the Performing Group come from all parts of America. They are from many ethnic and religious backgrounds.

In the history of the Tamburitzans, they have traveled thousands of miles. They perform 100 concerts within each school year. They have helped raise over one million dollars for charity through these performances. They have also made seven trips abroad which have taken them to Yugoslavia (three times), Italy, Latin America (ten countries), Romania, Poland, the Soviet Union, France (two times), Czechoslovakia, Greece, and Bulgaria.

The Tamburitzans have been presenting the music, songs, and dances of the Eastern Europeans.

Equally important is the educational activity of the organization. In 1954, the Tamburitzans started a Community School of folk music and dance. It has programs in eight communities in the Pittsburgh area. As a result, about one

hundred Junior Tamburitzan performing groups have been started. In 1956, the Tamburitzans started the Pittsburgh Folk Festival. This has involved thirty ethnic groups every year. The Tamburitzan Cultural Center was established in 1965 to provide research materials and classroom space for classes in the folk arts.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ITALIAN CUISINE

The Italians know how to eat well. This should not surprise you. They have been masters of the table for centuries. Ancient Romans recorded many banquets. Today the influence of Italian foods is felt around the world; but maybe nowhere as naturally as in the American home.

Italians immigrating to this country brought with them a style of cooking. In many cases it has become so totally well-liked that its foreign heritage would be forgotten if not for the Italian names—spaghetti, ravioli, pizza, minestrone, scallopini. The relationship between Italy and the New World has been long. For the Americas gave Italy tomatoes for the red sauces, beans for thick minestrone, corn for polenta, such other foods as turkey, potatoes, and peppers.

Italian-American cooks have supplied us with many fine family recipes.

One of the most important parts of the Italian approach to food is the food itself. A ripe melon is enjoyed for what it is. A piece of meat is seasoned to bring out but never disguise its basic goodness.

Sweet, sun-ripened tomatoes. Delicate olive oil. Crusty bread. Cheeses. And olives in green, black, purple and brown.

A study of Italian food shows that it does not depend on elaborate and rich sauces. It is relatively uncomplicated and traditional.

An Italian cook is also a showman. Often the tool is very important. Italian cookware includes: wooden mallets, cheese graters, spaghetti spoons, ravioli cutters, and many kinds of pans.

Shopping for supplies is easy in a large city. A large supermarket provides all needs for most recipes.